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Readings Booklet

June 1994



English 30

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

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June 1994

**English 30 Part B: Reading
Readings Booklet**
Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

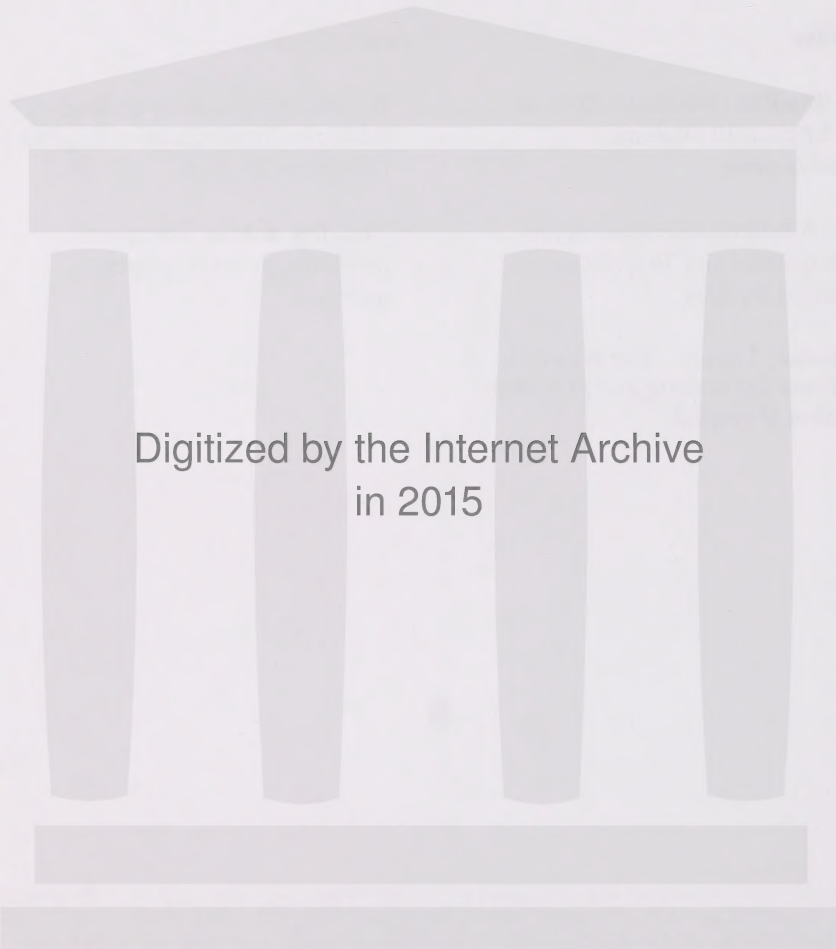
Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time allotted: 2 hours. You may take an additional 1/2 hour to complete the examination if needed.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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I. Questions 1 to 9 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

MY GRADUATION SPEECH

Introductory note from the author:

Here I try my hand at writing a graduation speech, and not merely to discover if I can conquer the form. This is precisely what I would like to say to young people if I had their attention for a few minutes.—Neil Postman

Members of the Faculty, parents, guests, and graduates, have no fear. I am well aware that on a day of such high excitement, what you require, first and foremost, of any speaker is brevity. I shall not fail you in this respect. There are exactly eighty-five sentences in my speech, four of which you have just heard. It will take me about twelve minutes to speak all of them, and I must tell you that such economy was not easy for me to arrange, because I have chosen as my topic the complex subject of your ancestors. Not, of course, your biological ancestors, about whom I know nothing, but your spiritual ancestors, about whom I know a little. To be specific, I want to tell you about two groups of people whose influence is still with us. They were very different from each other, representing opposite values and traditions. I think it is appropriate for you to be reminded of them on this day because, sooner than you know, you must align yourself with the spirit of one or the other.

The first group lived about 2,500 years ago in the place we now call Greece, in a city they called Athens. We do not know as much about their origins as we would like. But we do know a great deal about their accomplishments. They were, for example, the first people to develop a complete alphabet, and therefore they became the first truly literate population on earth. They invented the idea of political democracy, which they practiced with a vigor that puts us to shame. They invented what we call philosophy. And they also invented what we call science, and one of them—Democritus by name—conceived of the atomic theory of matter 2,300 years before it occurred to any modern scientist. They composed and sang epic poems of unsurpassed beauty and insight. And they wrote and performed plays that, almost three millenia later, still have the power to make audiences laugh and weep. They even invented what, today, we call the Olympics, and among their values none stood higher than that in all things one should strive for excellence. They believed in reason. They believed in beauty. They believed in moderation. And they invented the word and the idea which we know today as ecology.

About 2,000 years ago, the vitality of their culture declined and these people began to disappear. But not what they had created. Their imagination, art, politics, literature, and language spread all over the world so that, today, it is

Continued

hardly possible to speak on any subject without repeating what some Athenian said on the matter 2,500 years ago.

35 The second group of people lived in the place we now call Germany, and flourished about 1,700 years ago. We call them the Visigoths, and you may remember that your sixth- or seventh-grade teacher mentioned them. They were spectacularly good horsemen, which is about the only pleasant thing history can say of them. They were marauders—ruthless and brutal. Their language lacked
40 subtlety and depth. Their art was crude and even grotesque. They swept down through Europe destroying everything in their path, and they overran the Roman Empire. There was nothing a Visigoth liked better than to burn a book, desecrate a building, or smash a work of art. From the Visigoths, we have no poetry, no theater, no logic, no science, no humane politics.

45 Like the Athenians, the Visigoths also disappeared, but not before they had ushered in the period known as the Dark Ages. It took Europe almost a thousand years to recover from the Visigoths.

Now, the point I want to make is that the Athenians and the Visigoths still survive, and they do so through us and the ways in which we conduct our lives.
50 All around us—in this hall, in this community, in our city—there are people whose way of looking at the world reflects the way of the Athenians, and there are people whose way is the way of the Visigoths. I do not mean, of course, that our modern-day Athenians roam abstractly through the streets reciting poetry and philosophy, or that the modern-day Visigoths are killers. I mean that to be an
55 Athenian or a Visigoth is to organize your life around a set of values. An Athenian is an idea. And a Visigoth is an idea. Let me tell you briefly what these ideas consist of.

To be an Athenian is to hold knowledge and, especially, the quest for knowledge in high esteem. To contemplate, to reason, to experiment, to
60 question—these are, to an Athenian, the most exalted activities a person can perform. To a Visigoth, the quest for knowledge is useless unless it can help you to earn money or to gain power over other people.

To be an Athenian is to cherish language because you believe it to be humankind's most precious gift. In their use of language, Athenians strive for
65 grace, precision, and variety. And they admire those who can achieve such skill. To a Visigoth, one word is as good as another, one sentence indistinguishable from another. A Visigoth's language aspires to nothing higher than the cliché.

To be an Athenian is to understand that the thread which holds civilized society together is thin and vulnerable; therefore Athenians place great value on
70 tradition, social restraint, and continuity. To an Athenian, bad manners are acts of violence against the social order. The modern Visigoth cares very little about any of this. The Visigoths think of themselves as the centre of the universe.

Continued

Tradition exists for their own convenience, good manners are an affectation and a burden, and history is merely what is in yesterday's newspaper.

75 To be an Athenian is to take interest in public affairs and the improvement of public behavior. Indeed, the ancient Athenians had a word for people who did not. The word was *idiotes*, from which we get our word *idiot*. A modern Visigoth is interested only in his own affairs and has no sense of the meaning of community.

80 And, finally, to be an Athenian is to esteem the discipline, skill, and taste that are required to produce enduring art. Therefore, in approaching a work of art, Athenians prepare their imagination through learning and experience. To a Visigoth, there is no measure of artistic excellence except popularity. What catches the fancy of the multitude is good. No other standard is respected or even
85 acknowledged by the Visigoth.

Now, it must be obvious what all this has to do with you. Eventually, like the rest of us, you must be on one side or the other. You must be an Athenian or a Visigoth. Of course, it is much harder to be an Athenian, for you must learn how to be one, you must work at being one, whereas we are all, in a way, natural-born
90 Visigoths. That is why there are so many more Visigoths than Athenians. And I must tell you that you do not become an Athenian merely by attending school or accumulating degrees. My father-in-law was one of the most committed Athenians I have ever known, and he spent his entire adult life as a dress cutter on Seventh Avenue in New York City. On the other hand, I have known physicians,
95 lawyers, and engineers who are Visigoths of unmistakable persuasion. And I must tell you, as much in sorrow as in shame, that at some of our great universities, perhaps even this one, there are professors of whom we may fairly say they are closet Visigoths. And yet, you must not doubt for a moment that a school, after all, is essentially an Athenian idea. There is a direct link between the cultural
100 achievements of Athens and what the faculty of this university is all about. I have no difficulty imagining that Plato, Aristotle, or Democritus would be quite at home in our classrooms. A Visigoth would merely scrawl obscenities on the wall.

And so, whether you were aware of it or not, the purpose of your having been at this university was to give you a glimpse of the Athenian way, to interest you in
105 the Athenian way. We cannot know on this day how many of you will choose the way and how many will not. You are young and it is not given to us to see your future. But I will tell you this, with which I will close: I can wish for you no higher compliment than that in the future it will be reported that among your graduating class the Athenians mightily outnumbered the Visigoths.

110 Thank you, and congratulations.

Neil Postman
American essayist/journalist

II. Questions 10 to 17 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

FAIRGROUND

Thumping old tunes give a voice to its whereabouts
long before one can see the dazzling archway
of colored lights, beyond which household proverbs
cease to be valid,

- 5 a ground sacred to the god of vertigo
and his cult of disarray: here jeopardy,
panic, shock are dispensed in measured doses
by foolproof engines.

- 10 As passive objects, packed tightly together
on roller coaster or ferris wheel, mortals
taste in their solid flesh the volitional
joys of seraph.¹

- 15 Soon the roundabout² ends the clumsy conflict
of Right and Left: the riding mob melts into
one spinning sphere, the perfect shape performing
the perfect motion.

- 20 Mopped and mowed at, as their train worms through a tunnel,
by ancestral spooks, caressed by clammy cobwebs,
grinning initiates emerge into daylight
as tribal heroes.

Fun for Youth who knows his libertine spirit
is not a copy of Father's, but has yet to
learn that the tissues which lend it stamina,
like Mum's, are bourgeois.³

Continued

¹seraph—angel of a high order of celestial beings

²roundabout—merry-go-round

³bourgeois—characteristic of the middle class; conventional

25 Those with their wander-years behind them who are rather
relieved that all routes of escape are spied on,
all hours of amusement counted, requiring
caution, agenda,

keep away:—to be found in coigns⁴ where, sitting
30 in silent synods,⁵ they play chess or cribbage,
games that call for patience, foresight, maneuver,
like war, like marriage.

W.H. Auden
Modern English poet

⁴coigns—corners or vantage points

⁵synods—assemblies, usually of religious governing bodies

III. Questions 18 to 25 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

HAPPINESS

The sister-in-law of a friend of Dr. Johnson¹ was imprudent enough once to claim in his presence that she was happy. He pounced on her hard, remarking in a loud, emphatic voice that if she was indeed the contented being she professed herself to be, then her life gave the lie to every research of humanity; for she was
5 happy without health, without beauty, without money and without understanding.

It was rough treatment, for which Johnson has been much criticised, though it should be remembered that he spoke as an eighteenth-century man, before our present preoccupation with happiness as an enduring condition of life became prevalent. Actually, I think I see his point.

10 There is something quite ridiculous, and even indecent, in an individual claiming to be happy. Still more, in a people or a nation making such a claim. The pursuit of happiness, included along with life and liberty in the American Declaration of Independence as an inalienable right, is without any question the most fatuous which could possibly be undertaken. This lamentable phrase—the
15 pursuit of happiness—is responsible for a good part of the ills and miseries of the modern world.

To pursue happiness, individually or collectively, as a conscious aim is the surest way to miss it altogether; as is only too tragically evident in countries like Sweden and America where happiness has been most ardently pursued and where
20 the material circumstances usually considered conducive to happiness have been most effectively constructed. The Gadarene swine² were doubtless in pursuit of happiness when they hurled themselves to destruction over the cliff. Today, the greater part of mankind, led by the technologically most advanced, are similarly bent, and if they persist, will assuredly meet a similar fate. The pursuit of
25 happiness, in any case, soon resolves itself into the pursuit of pleasure, something quite different. Pleasure is but a mirage of happiness; a false vision of shade and refreshment seen across parched sand.

Where, then, does happiness lie. In forgetfulness, not indulgence, of the self. In escape from sensual appetites, not in their satisfaction. We live in a dark, self-
30 enclosed prison which is all we see or know if our glance is fixed ever downwards. To lift it upwards, becoming aware of the wide, luminous universe outside—this alone is happiness.

Continued

¹Dr. Johnson—Samuel Johnson, a prolific 18th century writer and author of the English dictionary

²Gadarene swine—from the Bible, the Book of Mark; in the country of the Gadarenes, demon spirits expelled from an afflicted man entered a herd of swine that ran off a cliff into the sea and were drowned

At its highest level such happiness is the ecstasy which mystics have inadequately described. At more humdrum levels it is human love; the delights
35 and beauties of our dear earth, its colours and shapes and sounds; the enchantment of understanding and laughing, and all other exercise of such faculties as we possess; the marvel of the meaning of everything, fitfully glimpsed, inadequately expounded, but ever-present.

Such is happiness—not compressible into a pill; not translatable into a
40 sensation; lost to whoever would grasp it to himself alone, not to be gorged out of a trough, or torn out of another's body, or paid into a bank or driven along on another route, or fired in gun-salutes or discovered in the stratosphere. Existing, intangible, in every true response to life, and absent in every false one. Propounded through the centuries in every noteworthy word and thought and
45 deed. Expressed in art and literature and music; in vast cathedrals and tiny melodies; in everything that is harmonious and in the unending heroism of imperfect men reaching after perfection.

When Pastor Bonhoeffer was taken off by his Nazi guards to be executed, as I
50 have read, his face was shining with happiness, to the point that even those poor clowns noted it. In that place of darkest evil, he was the happiest man—he the executed. "For you it is an end," he told his executioners, "but for me a beginning." I find this an image of supreme happiness.

Malcolm Muggeridge
English philosopher

IV. Questions 26 to 35 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a poem for voices.

from **PROPHET OF THE NEW WORLD: A POEM FOR VOICES**

Louis Riel was a visionary leader of the Métis during the early settlement of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, when the Métis way of life was threatened by the influx of settlers moving west. In 1885, Riel was tried by a jury and executed for treason.

CHORUS:

Who is he that comes, treading on hope
Indian footed? Remembering how
when the lean rock pulls winter on its face
natives of the plains know time is near
5 to hunt the buffalo for hides, for meat
and in thin bush to trap the beaver skin?

Who is he with Ireland in his name¹
and Scandinavian humour² in his veins?
What poet, or what dreamer, caught
10 in music of his own imagining?
Who is he devout and filial³
with the French vowels on his tongue
*l'amour de dieu*⁴ within his heart:

Who is he that comes?

MADAME RIEL:

15 He is my son. Louis Riel, my son.
His father came from ribboned country, where
the farms run neck and neck to reach the river.
Then he came west, to find the prairie land,
Assiniboia, ruled by Hudson Bay.
20 He saw good earth and tilled it, built a mill

Continued

¹Ireland in his name—reference to the letters in Riel's name being part of Ireland's name. Like his grandfather, Louis Riel befriended poor Irish immigrants; he was sometimes referred to as "The Irishman"

²Scandinavian humour—melancholic disposition or temperament

³filial—of, suitable to, or due from a son or daughter (Riel was devoted to his parents)

⁴*l'amour de dieu*—the love of God

for Métis and for Indians, hunters of buffalo,
to learn new ways and settle down: *la terre*!⁵
as did those others, white men, a colony
against lean times: the days of drought
25 the shrill descent of locusts.⁶

Close to the hearth the family warmed our hearts—
Our boy grew strong: a hunter, yet a dreamer.
And bolder grew his questions, till we had
no knowledge left to give him. So we sent him east
30 to converse with the priests, perhaps to be
a son of theirs, not ours—
Until one day, my good man's life went out.
I was alone with children still to raise. The crops!
The sheep and cattle dying.
35 A letter sent to Montreal struck the boy's heart.
He would come home, forget about book learning—
what did *that* matter, if his people called?
He would come home.

LOUIS RIEL:

I dreamed two dreams.
40 Once, as a child, out on my father's riverbank
tending the sheep.
Huddled close, their woolly dumbness sensed
the wind was whistling for October. Beast to beast
they looked towards each other for a place to turn
45 but all being faint of heart, stayed close.
Then I grew cold, and crouched among them
my head shoved down between their warming fleece;
my heart
seemed to be beating in slow time with theirs
50 under the wind, in the brittle grass.

And then—
O then I heard my name called out aloud!

Continued

⁵*la terre*—the earth

⁶the days of drought / the shrill descent of locusts—reference to the Bible story of the exodus from Egypt.
The two Riel Rebellions were preceded by famines caused by drought and grasshoppers.

I raised my eyes and saw day brighten
like a sword—
55 till all the air was stinging with white light.

“The sheep are leaderless” my own voice spoke.

“The sheep have chosen you,” another cried:
for you are *Exovede—from the flock!*⁷
One of them! Without authority except through them.
60 From the flock you must go out, there where my children are
as speechmaker and peacemaker; you must be voice
for them, for Me.”

I looked, but saw no thing.
Only the first snow, whirling down.
65 Then darkness came.
I woke, my body stiff
from huddling with the sheep.

First, I was cold; and then,
hearing The Voice, in my mind,
70 I was become on fire!
Afterwards the farm, its ways, its work
enfolded me. I dropped down into sleep.
I was a child again.

MADAME RIEL:

Then came the years you went away to school
75 to be a priest, we hoped . . .
Then, was it not, you dreamed
your second dream, my son?

RIEL:

I dreamed we wrestled in a wood—my Lord
with flaming tomahawk, his mind afire

Continued

⁷*Exovede—from the flock*: during the Rebellions, members of the provisional government formed by Riel were known as Exovedes, meaning “from the flock.” (Riel identified with the Hebrew King David who as a young shepherd became champion of his people.)

- 80 and I slow animal with limbs of man
battling the light. I, crying to be known
by him, delivering fierce blows for truth
to shake my chains in helplessness—
I, pitted small against his towering
85 saw his blood spurt and bruises burst like flowers:
downfallen to the earth his armour lay.

Then cried out in my pity: “Lord, forgive.”
And as I stooped, he was a-sudden over me
his feathers fire, his body like a blade
90 and I it was who bruised and streaming lay
and woke up knocking at my breast and bone . . .
a lonely man, but truth unfettering me!
Here on this earth to fight for freedom’s light,
here in this flowered land to end the hate.

MADAME RIEL:

- 95 So. So must it be . . . Tell no one, son.
They’ll call you mad, for sure.
Tell no one of your dream.

CHORUS:

- Full of foreboding and dark; from the dark we come
suffer a little; and into the dark go.
100 A door closes; a sign is up, For Sale;
the hand loved garden is smothered over with weeds
daffodils plunge wilder into the wild wood
earth quickly erases where human footprint trod
and the will of man becomes but the wind’s way.
105 Shall it all go back, return?
Earth to her ancient privilege,
city to ash, the future skyscrapers
choked in a desperate struggle for air?
Shall the plane crash, and the sky fall
110 and the heart that beat so wildly be muffled
its meaning merged into the massing dark?

Continued

RIEL:

- Mad, did she say mad? Madness is
the meat of poetry; and every poet's mad
who has a message burning in his bowels.
- 115 Say I am mad; say that the slowly turning world
rifled with hate, red skin against white
fathers perverting sons, and all of nature made
into a kitchen midden⁸ for man's wasteful heart—
call these things *sane*? and their existence, *bliss*?
- 120 Still I am mad, who would destroy and burn
the shame of racial hate; I, the half-caste
neither white nor brown, am therefore mad:
more human, less possessed of bigotry
nearer, I feel, to the great God who came
- 125 to be amongst us, flesh, to feel
the animal passions of this creature, man.
Make me more mad, dear Father! that beyond
the barriers of everyday, my Soul
may plunge; and so, forever be on fire
- 130 a comet flashing faith upon the world.

Dorothy Livesay
Contemporary Canadian poet

⁸kitchen midden—garbage heap

V. Questions 36 to 45 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the author’s autobiography “First Light.”

from FIRST LIGHT

The author recounts his childhood experiences in England during the autumn of the last year of the First World War.

In weather that was new to me, and cold, and loud with bullying winds, my Mother disappeared to visit my father. This was a long way off, out of sight, and I don’t remember her going. But suddenly there were only the girls in the house, tumbling about with brooms and dishcloths, arguing, quarreling, and putting us to
5 bed at random. House and food had a new smell, and meals appeared like dismal conjuring tricks: cold, raw, or black with too much fire. Marjorie was breathless and everywhere; she was fourteen, with all the family in her care. My socks slipped down, and stayed down. I went unwashed for long periods of time. Black
10 leaves swept into the house and piled up in the corners; it rained, and the floors sweated, and washing filled all the lines in the kitchen and dripped sadly on one and all.

But we ate; and the girls moved about in a giggling flurry, exhausted at their losing game. As the days went by, such a tide of muddles mounted in the house that I didn’t know which room was which. I lived free, grubbing outside in the
15 mud till I was black as a badger. And my nose ran free, as unchecked as my feet. I sailed my boots down the drain, I cut up sheets for puttees¹ and marched like a soldier through the swamps of leaves. Sensing my chance I wandered far, eating all manner of raw objects: coloured berries, twigs and grubs; sick every day, but with a sickness of which I was proud.

20 All this time the sisters went through the house, darting upstairs and down, beset on all sides by the rain coming in, boys growing filthier, sheets scorching, saucepans burning, and kettles boiling over. The doll’s house became a madhouse, and the girls frail birds flying in a wind of chaos. Doth giggled helplessly, Phyl wept among the vegetables, and Marjorie would say, when the
25 day was over: “I’d lie down and die, if there was a place to lie down in.”

I was not at all surprised when I heard of the end of the world. Everything pointed to it. The sky was low and whirling with black clouds; the woods roared night and day, stirring great seas of sound. One night we sat round the kitchen table, cracking walnuts with the best brass candlestick, when Marjorie came in
30 from the town. She was shining with rain and loaded with bread and buns. She

Continued

¹puttees—kind of legging wrapped around the lower leg and worn by soldiers

was also very white.

"The war's over," she said. "It's ended."

"Never," said Dorothy.

35 "They told me at the Stores," said Marjorie. "And they were giving away prunes." She gave us a bagful, and we ate them raw.

The girls got tea and talked about it. And I was sure it was the end of the world. All my life was the war, and the war was the world. Now the war was over. So the end of the world was come. It made no other sense to me.

"Let's go out and see what's happening," said Doth.

40 "You know we can't leave the kids," Marge said.

So we went too. It was dark, and the gleaming roofs of the village echoed with the buzz of singing. We went hand in hand through the rain, up the bank and down the street. A bonfire crackled in one of the gardens, and a woman jumped up and down in the light of it, red as a devil, a jug in her hand, uttering cries that
45 were not singing. All down the other gardens there were other bonfires too. And a man came up and kissed the girls and hopped in the road and twisted on one toe. Then he fell down in the mud and lay there, working his legs like a frog and croaking a loud song.

I wanted to stop. I had never seen a man like this, in such a wild good
50 humour. But we hurried on. We got to the pub and stared through the windows. The bar seemed on fire with its many lamps. Rose-coloured men, through the rain-wet windows, seemed to bulge and break into flame. They breathed out smoke, drank fire from golden jars, and I heard their great din with awe. Now anything might happen. And it did. A man rose up and crushed a glass like a nut
55 between his hands, then held them out laughing for all to see his wounds. But the blood was lost in the general light of blood. Two other men came waltzing out of the door, locked in each other's arms. Fighting and cursing, they fell over the wall and rolled down the bank in the dark.

There was a screaming woman we could not see. "Jimmy! Jimmy!" she
60 wailed. "Oh, Jimmy! Thee s'll kill 'im! I'll fetch the vicar, I will! Oh, Jimmy!"

"Just look at them," said Dorothy, shocked and delighted.

"The kids ought to be in bed," said Marjorie.

"Stop a minute longer. Only a minute. It wouldn't do no harm."

65 Then the schoolhouse chimney caught fire. A fountain of sparks shot high into the night, writhing and sweeping on the wind, falling and dancing along the road. The chimney hissed like a firework, great rockets of flame came gushing forth, emptying the tiny house, so that I expected to see chairs and tables, knives and forks, radiant and burning, follow. The moss-tiles smouldered with sulphurous soot, yellow jets of smoke belched from cracks in the chimney. We

Continued

70 stood in the rain and watched it, entranced, as if the sight had been saved for this day. As if the house had been saved, together with the year's bad litter, to be sent up in flames and rejoicing.

How everyone bellowed and scuffled and sang, drunk with their beer and the sight of the fire. But what would happen now that the war was over? What would
75 happen to my uncles who lived in it?—those huge remote men who appeared suddenly at our house, reeking of leather and horses. What would happen to our father, who was khakied like every other man, yet special, not like other men? His picture hung over the piano, trim, haughty, with a badged cap and a spiked moustache. I confused him with the Kaiser. Would he die now the war was over?

80 As we gazed at the flaming schoolhouse chimney, and smelt the burning throughout the valley, I knew something momentous was occurring. At any moment I looked for a spectacular end to my already long life. Oh, the end of the war and the world! There was rain in my shoes, and Mother had disappeared. I never expected to see another day.

Laurie Lee
Contemporary English novelist

VI. Questions 46 to 56 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Henry VIII*.

from Henry VIII, Act III, scene ii

CHARACTERS:

CARDINAL WOLSEY

EARL OF SURREY

DUKE OF NORFOLK

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

In the court of King Henry VIII, Cardinal Wolsey became an increasingly powerful figure, aggressively seeking to assure his own position of wealth and power. In this scene, Wolsey is accused of committing acts of treachery and is being asked to forfeit the Great Seal. The Great Seal is used to seal important documents, and is in his possession as a symbol of his authority from the King.

(The DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN are speaking with CARDINAL WOLSEY.)

CARDINAL WOLSEY: That seal

You ask with such a violence, the king

Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,

5 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

Tied it by letters-patents.¹ Now, who'll take it?

EARL OF SURREY: The king, that gave it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY: It must be himself, then.

EARL OF SURREY: Thou art a proud traitor, priest.²

10 **CARDINAL WOLSEY:** Proud lord, thou liest.

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue than said so.

EARL OF SURREY: Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin,³ robbed this bewailing land

15 Of noble Buckingham,⁴ my father-in-law.

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

Continued

¹letters-patents—formal authority

²priest—Wolsey was a cardinal priest, a member of the Pope's council

³scarlet sin—Cardinals' robes are bright red in color

⁴noble Buckingham—the Duke of Buckingham was beheaded

With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me Deputy for Ireland;
20 Far from his succor,⁵ from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him,
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

CARDINAL WOLSEY: This, and all else
25 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
30 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honor,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate⁶ a sounder man than Surrey can be,
35 And all that love his follies.

EARL OF SURREY: By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the lifeblood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
40 And from this fellow?

CARDINAL WOLSEY: All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

EARL OF SURREY: Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
45 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king. Your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
50 As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,⁷
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,

Continued

⁵far from his succor—removed from being able to help him

⁶mate—match

⁷issues—children

- Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles⁸
 Collected from his life.
- 55 **CARDINAL WOLSEY:** How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in charity against it!
- DUKE OF NORFOLK:** Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.
- CARDINAL WOLSEY:** So much fairer
- 60 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth.
- EARL OF SURREY:** This cannot save you.
 I thank my memory I yet remember
 Some of these articles, and out they shall.
- 65 Now, if you can blush and cry "guilty," cardinal,
 You'll show a little honesty.
- CARDINAL WOLSEY:** Speak on, sir;
 I dare your worst objections. If I blush,
 It is to see a nobleman want⁹ manners.
- 70 **EARL OF SURREY:** I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
 First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
 You wrought to be a legate;¹⁰ by which power
 You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.
- DUKE OF NORFOLK:** Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
- 75 To foreign princes,¹¹ "Ego et Rex meus"¹²
 Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
 To be your servant.
- DUKE OF SUFFOLK:** Then, that without the knowledge
 Either of king or council, when you went
- 80 Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
 To carry into Flanders¹³ the Great Seal.
- EARL OF SURREY:** Item, you sent a large commission
 To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
 Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
- 85 A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Continued

⁸articles—documented charges

⁹want—lack

¹⁰legate—the Pope's representative in England

¹¹princes—cardinals are "princes" of the Roman Catholic Church

¹²Ego et Rex meus—my King and I

¹³To carry into Flanders—the Seal was not supposed to be taken out of the country

DUKE OF SUFFOLK: That out of mere ambition you have caused
Your holy hat¹⁴ to be stamped on the king's coin.

EARL OF SURREY: Then that you have sent innumerable substance¹⁵
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)

90 To furnish Rome and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which, since they are of you and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

95 **LORD CHAMBERLAIN:** O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far: 'tis virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

100 **EARL OF SURREY:** I forgive him.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK: Lord Cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
That therefore a writ be sued against you:
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

105 Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

DUKE OF NORFOLK: And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
The king shall know it, and no doubt, shall thank you.

110 So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

Exeunt all but WOLSEY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY: So farewell to the little good you bear me.

Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: today he puts forth

115 The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,

And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is aripening, nips his root,

120 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,¹⁶

Continued

¹⁴holy hat—a cardinal's hat was part of his distinctive ceremonial dress

¹⁵substance—money

¹⁶bladders—bouyant bags

125 This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude¹⁷ stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
130 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

William Shakespeare

¹⁷rude—vigorous, robust

VII. Questions 57 to 62 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

THE LOOKING-THROUGH GLASS¹

In this early morning waking when thoughts
Of my dwindling sphere and fears of what I feel
I cannot face have captured my first consciousness
I, cold, though adequately sheltered, seek the company
5 Of winter birds.

Inside the wide window bay,
With coffee and some curious memory or *déjà vu*²
To warm me, I watch them feeding in the snowlight.
Cardinals come, the brilliant males, summoned
10 By the more subdued but peerless females; abundant
Juncos, quick but unassuming, come; and showy towhees,
Black and white with rufous breasts puffed out;
And suddenly, from nowhere it seems, *they* come—
A pure delight as they flick by—
15 My own, the tiny Carolina chickadees.

And watching them I wonder on how many
Patios of shrunken worlds the light will fall just so
For useless women who, their life's work over,
Have risen early in an empty house.
20 Willing to be out yet held within
As by some force behind the eyes,
I revise Alice,
Dreaming through the walls that now confine me,
An observer without influence behind a one-way glass.
25 I dream beyond the feeder and the rigid trees
Whose branches have been kissed by ice,
But always I dream backward till I reach warm days—
Unwinding decades of summers in between
And years of work and love and love and work:
30 The world—until I come to someone's girlhood,
A friend's, my daughter's, mother's, or my own,
And in my dream I wake to a woman's setting forth
In her hilarity and ignorance to run a common course
That leads betimes to this.

Eva Touster
Canadian poet

¹The Looking-Through Glass—a word play on the title *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, the sequel to *Alice in Wonderland*

²*déjà vu*—a sense of having experienced something before

VIII. Questions 63 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this story.

SREDNI VASHTAR

Conradin was ten years old, and the doctor had pronounced his professional opinion that the boy would not live another five years. The doctor was silky and effete,¹ and counted for little, but his opinion was endorsed by Mrs. De Ropp, who counted for nearly everything. Mrs. De Ropp was Conradin's cousin and guardian, and in his eyes she represented those three-fifths of the world that are necessary and disagreeable and real; the other two-fifths, in perpetual antagonism to the foregoing, were summed up in himself and his imagination. One of these days Conradin supposed he would succumb to the mastering pressure of wearisome necessary things—such as illnesses and coddling restrictions and drawn-out dullness. Without his imagination, which was rampant under the spur of loneliness, he would have succumbed long ago.

Mrs. De Ropp would never, in her honestest moments, have confessed to herself that she disliked Conradin, though she might have been dimly aware that thwarting him “for his good” was a duty which she did not find particularly irksome. Conradin hated her with a desperate sincerity which he was perfectly able to mask. Such few pleasures as he could contrive for himself gained an added relish from the likelihood that they would be displeasing to his guardian, and from the realm of his imagination she was locked out—an unclean thing, which should find no entrance.

In the dull, cheerless garden, overlooked by so many windows that were ready to open with a message not to do this or that, or a reminder that medicines were due, he found little attraction. The few fruit trees that it contained were set jealously apart from his plucking, as though they were rare specimens of their kind blooming in an arid waste; it would probably have been difficult to find a market gardener who would have offered ten shillings for their entire yearly produce. In a forgotten corner, however, almost hidden behind a dismal shrubbery, was a disused tool shed of respectable proportions, and within its walls Conradin found a haven, something that took on the varying aspects of a playroom and a cathedral. He had peopled it with a legion of familiar phantoms, evoked partly from fragments of history and partly from his own brain, but it also boasted two inmates of flesh and blood. In one corner lived a ragged-plumaged Houdan hen, on which the boy lavished an affection that had scarcely another outlet. Further back in the gloom stood a large hutch, divided into two compartments, one of which was fronted with close iron bars. This was the abode of a large polecat-ferret, which a friendly butcher boy had once smuggled, cage and all, into

Continued

¹effete—colorless, weary, washed-out

its present quarters, in exchange for a long-secreted hoard of small silver.

Conradin was dreadfully afraid of the lithe, sharp-fanged beast, but it was his most treasured possession. Its very presence in the tool shed was a secret and fearful joy, to be kept scrupulously from the knowledge of the Woman, as he privately
40 dubbed his cousin. And one day, out of Heaven knows what material, he spun the beast a wonderful name, and from that moment it grew into a god and a religion. The Woman indulged in religion once a week at a church near by, and took Conradin with her, but to him the church service was an alien rite in the House of Rimmon.² Every Thursday, in the dim and musty silence of the tool shed, he
45 worshiped with mystic and elaborate ceremonial before the wooden hutch where dwelt Sredni Vashtar, the great ferret. Red flowers in their season and scarlet berries in the winter time were offered at his shrine, for he was a god who laid some special stress on the fierce impatient side of things, as opposed to the Woman's religion, which, as far as Conradin could observe, went to great lengths
50 in the contrary direction. And on great festivals powdered nutmeg was strewn in front of his hutch, an important feature of the offering being that the nutmeg had to be stolen. These festivals were of irregular occurrence, and were chiefly appointed to celebrate some passing event. On one occasion, when Mrs. De Ropp suffered from acute toothache for three days, Conradin kept up the festival during
55 the entire three days, and almost succeeded in persuading himself that Sredni Vashtar was personally responsible for the toothache. If the malady had lasted for another day the supply of nutmeg would have given out.

The Houdan hen was never drawn into the cult of Sredni Vashtar. Conradin had long ago settled that she was an Anabaptist.³ He did not pretend to have the
60 remotest knowledge as to what an Anabaptist was, but he privately hoped that it was dashing and not very respectable. Mrs. De Ropp was the ground plan on which he based and detested all respectability.

After a while Conradin's absorption in the tool shed began to attract the notice of his guardian. "It is not good for him to be pottering down there in all
65 weathers," she promptly decided, and at breakfast one morning she announced that the Houdan hen had been sold and taken away overnight. With her shortsighted eyes she peered at Conradin, waiting for an outbreak of rage and sorrow, which she was ready to rebuke with a flow of excellent precepts and reasoning. But Conradin said nothing: there was nothing to be said. Something
70 perhaps in his white set face gave her a momentary qualm, for at tea that afternoon there was toast on the table, a delicacy which she usually banned on the ground that it was bad for him; also because the making of it "gave trouble," a deadly

Continued

²House of Rimmon—probable reference to the Biblical account of the sons of Rimmon, who slew an innocent man

³Anabaptist—supporter of the belief that only adult baptism is valid

offense in the middle-class feminine eye.

75 "I thought you liked toast," she exclaimed, with an injured air, observing that he did not touch it.

"Sometimes," said Conradin.

In the shed that evening there was an innovation in the worship of the hutch god. Conradin had been wont to chant his praises; tonight he asked a boon.

"Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar."

80 The thing was not specified. As Sredni Vashtar was a god he must be supposed to know. And, choking back a sob as he looked at that other empty corner, Conradin went back to the world he so hated.

And every night, in the welcome darkness of his bedroom, and every evening in the dusk of the tool shed, Conradin's bitter litany went up: "Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar."

85 Mrs. De Ropp noticed that the visits to the shed did not cease, and one day she made a further journey of inspection.

"What are you keeping in that locked hutch?" she asked. "I believe it's guinea pigs. I'll have them all cleared away."

90 Conradin shut his lips tight, but the Woman ransacked his bedroom till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin had been bidden to keep to the house. From the furthest window of the dining room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradin stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her shortsighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod at the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradin fervently breathed his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman
100 would come out presently with the pursed⁴ smile he loathed so well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful god, a god no longer, but a simple brown ferret in a hutch. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as she triumphed now, and that he would grow ever more sickly under her pestering and domineering and superior wisdom, till one day
105 nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymn of his threatened idol:

Sredni Vashtar went forth,
His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.

110 His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.
Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

⁴pursed—tight-lipped

Continued

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the windowpane. The door of the shed still stood ajar as it had been left, and the minutes were slipping by. They were long minutes, but they slipped by
115 nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn; he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A sour-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradin stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to blaze in his eyes that had only known the
120 wistful patience of defeat. Under his breath, with a furtive exultation, he began once again the paean⁵ of victory and devastation. And presently his eyes were rewarded: out through that doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of jaws and throat. Conradin dropped on his knees. The great polecat-ferret made its
125 way down to a small brook at the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of Sredni Vashtar.

“Tea is ready,” said the sour-faced maid; “where is the mistress?”

“She went down to the shed some time ago,” said Conradin.

130 And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradin fished a toasting fork out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradin listened to the noises and silences which fell in quick spasms beyond the dining-room door. The loud foolish screaming of
135 the maid, the answering chorus of wondering ejaculations⁶ from the kitchen region, the scuttering footsteps and hurried embassies⁷ for outside help, and then, after a lull, the scared sobbings and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden into the house.

“Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn’t for the life of me!”
140 exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.

Saki

Pen-name of H.H. Munro

English author of short stories (1870–1916)

⁵paean—song of triumph or praise

⁶ejaculations—exclamations

⁷embassies—summons, calls

Credits

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